

THE
BOOK OF RIDDLES.



PORTLAND:
BAILEY & NOYES.

THE
BOOK OF RIDDLES.



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PORTLAND :
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THE
BOOK OF RIDDLES.



'Tis true I have both face and
hands,
And move before your eyes,
Yet when I go, my body stands,
And when I stand, I lie.

A Clock.



My clothing's fine as velvet rare,
 Though under earth my dwell-
 lings are ;
 And when 'above it I appear,
 My enemies put me oft in fear.
 The gard'ner does at me repine,
 I spoil his works as he does
 mine.

The Mole.



My form is beauteous to the rav-
ish'd sight,

My habit gay, my color gold &
white ;

When ladies take the air, I
without pride,

A faithful partner am 'close by
their side.

I near their persons constantly
remain,

A favorite slave, bound with a
golden chain ;

And though I can both speak
and go alone,

Yet are my motions to myself
unknown.

A Watch.



Emblem of youth and innocence
 With walls enclosed for my defence,
 And with no care opprest,
 I boldly spread my charms
 around,
 'Till some rude lover breaks the
 mound,
 And takes me to his breast.
 Here soon I sicken and decay.
 My beauty lost, I'm turned
 away,
 And thrown into the street ;
 Where I despised, neglected lie,
 See no Samaritans pass by,
 But numerous insults meet.



Two twins we are, and, let it
not surprise,
Alike in every feature, shape,
and size:

We're square, or round, of
brass or iron made,
Sometimes of wood, yet useful
found in trade ;
But, to conclude, for all our
daily pains,
We by the neck are often hung
in chains.

A Pair of Scales.



I was before the world began,
 And shall forever last ;
 Ere father Adam was a man,
 Or out of Eden cast.
 Your youthful moments I attend,
 And mitigate your grief ;
 The industrious peasant I be-
 friend,
 To pris'ners give relief.
 Make much of me if you are
 wise,
 And use me while you may ,
 For you will lose me in a trice.
 As I for no man stay.

Time.

The ancients represented time by the figure of a man, with broad wings, spread out, as denoting its flight, or that time is ever on the wing. In one hand he held an hour-glass, to show that as the sand, so our time is constantly running; and in the other, a scythe, to let us know that time, like the scythe, levels all. He is represented with only one lock of hair before, the remainder of his head being bald, to show that we must take him by the forelock, when it presents, lest when it be past, we find our disappointment, and as the back part of the head is bare, so our time is no more.

It foams without anger,
 It flies without wings,
 It cuts without edge,
 And without tongue it sings.

A Bottle of Ale



What force and strength cannot
get through
I with a gentle touch can do ;
And many in the streets would
stand,
Were I not, as friend, at hand.

A Key

What is that which has been
to-morrow, and will be yester-
day?

To-day.



My habitation's in a wood,
 And I'm at any one's command ;
 I often do more hurt than good
 If I once get the upper hand
 I never fear the champion's
 frown,
 Stout things I oftentimes have
 done ;
 Brave soldiers I have oft laid
 down,
 I never fear their sword and
 gun.

A Barrel of Boer.



My nose is long, my back is
broad and round,
And in cold weather of great
use I'm found ;
No load I carry, yet I puff and
blow,
As much as heavy loaded por
ters do.

A Pair of Bellows.



I never offend thee,
Yet thou dost me whip,
Which doth not amend me,
Though I dance and skip ;
When I'm upright thou dost like
me best,
And severely dost whip me
when I want to rest.

A Top.

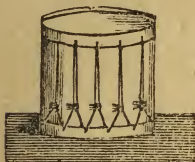


I'm a busy active creature,
Fashioned with a sportive nature,

I nimbly skip from tree to tree,
Under a well-wrought canopy ;
And for cleanliness and air,
Am a pattern to the fair ;
I, to arms and blood a stranger,
Apprehensive of no danger,
Like the ant, for winter store,
Searching, treasures to explore,
All on a sudden hear the foe,
'The cause and object of my woe
By whom I'm soon a prisoner
made

Chain'd, and in a dungeon laid.
 Bid Chloë then, and Myra tell,
 What's my name and where I
 dwell.

The Squirrel



My body is light, my head is
 white,
 With a cord I am laced around,
 I am beaten with sticks, yet not
 for bad tricks,
 But to animate my sound.
 The unthinking youth, who
 heed not the truth

Which would save them from
 every alarm,
 To fight, kill, and die, and
 cause much misery
 To those who have done them
 no harm.

A Drum.



Two bodies have I,
 Though both joined in one.
 The stiller I stand,
 The faster I run.

Hour-glass.

